VOLUME LVI CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 21, 1905. NUMBER 3

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

"Profunder, profunder,
Man's spirit must dive;
To his aye-rolling orbit
No goal will arrive.
The heavens that draw him
With sweetness untold,
Once found,—for new heavens
He spurneth the old."

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LVI. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1905. NUMBER 3

O my God, O thou unknown God, whom I find at last in the silence of my soul! Long have I sought thee, in darkness and in despair. And yet thou art here, so near to me, O God of my soul! I feel thy secret presence. I hear thy sweet voice. Thou filest the mystery of space, thou art a constant source of inspiration, O inner voice of love and life. O my God!—*Victor Charbonnel, The Victory of the Will.*

A writer in the *Contemporary Review* as quoted by the *Literary Digest* for August 26th, states the present change in religious emphasis as being a shifting from the "atonement to the incarnation." "We used to be brought into contact with the spiritual world through the third of Genesis; it is now rather by the first of St. John."

Notwithstanding the desperate efforts of the English church to hold its supremacy even by such drastic acts as the recent education bill, the million more sittings which the Established Church represented in 1851 than the free churches has been carried over into the other side. In 1894, according to the *Literary Digest,* the free churches had the extra million sittings. Perhaps the attempt of the English church to protect its power by law is one reason of the increased sittings among the free churches.

The seventh Zionist congress recently held at Basel, Switzerland, seems to have fallen into two sections; the cry of one being "back to Palestine"; the other, "Rally at any available territory"; more specifically, the British government's offer of territory in Uganda, in East Africa. This schism is prophetic of the subschisms that will break out all the way down the line as soon as the discussion passes out of the realm of ideal into the realm of practical politics. The racial forces that have enabled the Jew to domesticate himself in all lands and to appropriate the life of nearly all nations, will render it impossible for the Jew at this stage of the game to so eliminate his modern acquirements of tradition and inspiration that would make it possible for him to begin again way back of all these modern traditions, to reconstruct a tribal or national life. It is better thus. The individualality of the Jew is too much alive; the type is too much differentiated to be made over into a new nation.

If present signs are not deceiving, we are on the eve of what may prove one of the most widespread and desperate labor battles ever known in this country. The printers for many months have been girding themselves for a mighty contest with their employers. They seek nothing less than to secure an eight-hour day without reduction of present pay. The issue will be involved in many complications, side issues and incidental contests. "Eight hours a day and the closed shop" will be the slogan of the printers. "Every man must be allowed the privilege of running his own business in his own way, hiring and discharging whom he may and as he may," will be the response of the employers. If this battle becomes in any way general it will touch the community in a most vital way. The modern home can go without its morning cream, easier than it will go without its morning paper. The butcher is no more intimately related to the modern home than is the printer. Before the battle comes, while the issue is still unobscured by details, UNITY ventures the opinion that eight hours of work faithfully rendered and intelligently managed is enough to do the work of the world, and slowly but surely the industrial world must recognize this fact and adjust itself to the same. Organization is as profitable, as justifiable and as inevitable for labor as it is for capital. If labor is to be organized, the more perfect, complete and far-reaching the organization the more beneficent will it be to all parties concerned. If this be true, labor organizations must, like corporations of capital, become responsible for their acts, amenable to law, subject to court adjudication and legal enforcement. If this be true, the time is coming when the employer of vast aggregations of labor will ask, what the employé has no right to demand, viz., the closed shop or its equivalent, for through it will the highest efficiency of labor be reached and the best interest of capital be secured. How all this is to be reached and when it is to be realized "deponent sayeth not."

We have often called attention to the fact that the "Conference" where religious problems and spiritual questions are frankly discussed is passing out of the hands of the "sects" into university hands. An interesting corroboration of this will be witnessed at Urbana, Illinois, on October 19, when, in connection with the installation to the presidency of Dr. Edmund J. James, a day will be given to a conference on Religious Education in State Universities. There will be two sessions, Prof. Shailer Matthews of the University of Chicago, presiding, also making the opening address. Devotional exercises will be conducted by Dr. William E. Osborne. Bishop coadjutor of

Springfield, Prof. W. J. Kirby of the Catholic University of America, and Pres. William Oxby Thompson of the Ohio State University will read papers on "What Religious Education May the State University Undertake?" Dr. William Lowe Bryan, President of the Indiana University, and Jenkin Lloyd Jones of Chicago, will follow in the discussion. In the afternoon Prof. Frances W. Kelsey of the University of Michigan will give an address on The State Universities and the Churches, and Prof. Henry Churchill King will follow with an essay on The Obligation of the Church to Its Adherents in the State Universities. Prof. James D. Moffat of the Washington and Jefferson University, and Rev. William F. Anderson, Secretary of Education in the Methodist Episcopal church of New York City, will continue the discussion. A cordial invitation is extended to the public. The circular of invitation reads:

"There will be opportunity to meet many representative men, educators, clergymen and others from various institutions and sections of the country."

Among the questions as suitable for discussion in the circular of invitation are the following:

1. Within the limits set by our separation of church and state, what religious education may be undertaken by state universities?
2. What, if any, are the legal limitations?
3. What attempts have already been made?
4. Shall this training be delegated to the indirect efforts of teacher and student, or shall it be assumed as part of university instruction?
5. What place may the English Bible have in the curriculum of state universities?
6. The attitude of the church towards the religious life of students at state universities.
7. The obligations of the church.
8. The opportunity of the church at state universities.
9. What denominational objections, if any, exist?
10. Shall responsibility be delegated to the Christian Associations?
11. What methods of religious oversight have been undertaken by the church?
12. Is the interest of the church in religous education in the state universities incompatible with loyalty to its own schools?

Dr. Sidney Crapsey, of the Episcopal church, in a recent number of the *Outlook* stoutly resents the implication set forth in a pastoral letter by the bishops in the Episcopal church which declares that "if one finds, whatever his office or place in the church, that he has lost his hold upon her fundamental verities, then in the name of common honesty let him be silent or withdraw." The Doctor calls attention to the fact that the question is still a dark one because the bishops do not define what they mean by "fundamental verities." He would define these verities as being "the two great commandments of the law, the Lord's prayer and the five laws of righteousness as written in the Sermon on the Mount," whereas the bishops would probably represent the fundamentals as being "certain historical statements, philosophical conceptions and theological definitions which have come down from the near distant past and which are found in the creeds and confessions of the various Christian bodies." For a clergyman to withdraw from the church in the face of this ambiguity, according to Dr. Crapsey, would be "to break with his own past; to separate himself from life-long associations, than which there can be no greater disaster in human life." A better way, then, according to this minister, "would be to stand in his place and calmly abide the consequences of his position. He must speak his word and submit it to the prophets' test." This article has called forth an editorial in another column of the same issue (September 2nd). In which the editor says:

"If a minister finds himself differing on important points from the church in which he is an ordained teacher, it is his duty neither to withdraw nor to be silent, but preach the truth as he sees it, and to leave those who differ from him to determine whether the difference is so great that they are no longer willing he should remain a recognized teacher in their fellowship. This was the method of Wesley, Luther, Paul and Jesus Christ."

But the editor of the *Outlook* hastens to differ from Dr. Crapsey as to the "fundamental verities." He does not find them in the two great commandments, the Lord's prayer or the five laws of righteousness as written in the Sermon on the Mount, but the something which he calls the "gospel," presumably different or above those which he calls "the law of Christianity,"—"not God's requirements of us, but what God will do for us." It is not quite clear what the *Outlook* would do with Dr. Crapsey who, according to its view, mistakes the "fundamental verities."

The Gospel of Limits.

"Lord, make me to know mine end" is a timely text in these days of opening schools, renewed pulpit activities and club program-making. It is the vice of the modern preacher, reformer, teacher and club woman to try to do so many things so that nothing is done well. Severe selection is in order. In order to be decently intelligent on a few things, one must elect ignorance on many things. In order to do some things well, one must deliberately refuse many opportunities.

Nervous prostration is the divine mark of condemnation on ill-administered lives. It is not duty that compels self-immolation or that spurs the soul or body on to self-destruction, for when that golden line is passed which marks the maximum of human resource, —there duty stops and something less worthy—ambition, impatience, ignorance, pride, or something of the like, step in.

These hints are thrown out for the benefit of the "workers" in the field of religion and education. Every church should in these days be making programs or beginning to carry out programs already made. Every minister should have a campaign planned. Every lay-man and lay-woman should have an avocation as well as a vocation planned for the winter months; definite books to read, specific authors to cultivate, a line of study to pursue, a benignant bit of work to accomplish for the world's sake. The winter months will prove themselves blessed months to minister and parishioner, to the club member and student in proportion as these plans are definite and excluding of the many other things, pleasant and prof-

itable, which are to be religiously omitted in the interest of these things deliberately elected.

There is still need for the god of Term, he who marks boundary lines and indicates the limit of our responsibilities, which are always identical with the limit of our strength and our resources. No work has a right to exact the destruction of the worker. An indignity to the "god of Bounds" is an affront to the God of the universe. It is not duty that overstrains the resources of body, purse or mind; it is something else. The Lord of the Universe does not respect the "good" intention that leads to financial bankruptcy or nervous prostration. The many things begun explains but does not justify the many things abandoned before they are finished.

As UNITY invites its readers to enter upon the active campaign of another season, it calls upon all its readers to devoutly join in the prayer, "Lord, make me to know mine end."

Sermons in Song.

"For thou art a stranger, and also an exile."—II. Samuel xv., 19.

Bewildered, where the restless crowd
  Is ebbing, flowing, as a tide,
He stands, swart faced and heavy browed
  And looks about him, wistful eyed.
All that he has is in his hands—
  He goes to seek what he may find
In the unknown, the alien lands;
  All that he had is left behind.

His lips move slowly, whispering
  Some fragment of a little song
That once he heard his mother sing—
  A strain forgotten overlong.
And, jostled heedlessly aside,
  He sees no narrow, crowded street,
But sees the roadway fair and wide
  Where once he ran with eager feet.

He sees the mountains or the sea,
  The wondrous forest, or the coast—
Called up by that old melody
  He sees the scene he loves the most.
And then he sighs and turns to go
  The unknown road that reaches on,
That leads to lands he does not know—
  The crowd folds in, and he is gone.

But you and I, we stand today,
  Remembering the things we knew,
Stand, gazing down the unknown way
  That hides the future from the view;
And we fare on with empty hands,
  One with the crowd, yet held apart,
On into far and alien lands
  With old songs tugging at the heart.

W. D. N. in the Chicago Tribune.

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
  Old Time is still a-flying:
And this same flower that smiles today
  Tomorrow will be dying.

The glorious Lamp of Heaven, the Sun,
  The higher he's a-getting
The sooner will his race be run,
  And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best that is the first,
  When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse, and worst
  Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time;
  And while ye may, go marry;
For having lost but once your prime,
  You may forever tarry.

—Robert Herrick.

THE PULPIT.

The Gospel of Common Sense.

A SUNDAY LECTURE BEFORE CONGREGATION RODEPH SHALOM, BY RABBI J. LEONARD LEVY, D. D.

Pittsburg, April 30, 1905.

The secret things belong unto the Lord our God; but the things that are revealed belong unto us and to our children forever, that we may do all the words of this law. (Deuteronomy xxix., 29.)

A few years ago, by the courtesy of one of my very close medical friends, I was admitted into the amphitheater of a hospital in Philadelphia, where I saw lying on a table the body of a man who had died a few minutes before. Around it were gathered a number of young medical students and a demonstrator was endeavoring to prove that modern science had located within the brain certain nerve centers from which were emitted the impulses controlling the actions performed by various organs of the body.

As nearly as I can recall this experiment, I saw inserted into the brain of the dead man a wire charged with electricity, and when this touched some portion of the brain the dead hand moved, while shortly afterward the foot was made to act in a similar manner. The experiment was conducted for the purpose of showing that motion depended upon a healthy condition of a certain portion of brain, and that by patient investigation physicians have been able to locate that portion of the brain from which emanates the volitional act which controls the motion of the hand and the foot. Pondering, later on, upon what I had seen, I was more than ever impressed with the important influences exerted by the brain over the body, and, in fancy, I saw that every function performed by the body is under the control of the brain, or rather, of forces exerted thereby. I realized then better than I had at any previous moment that the brain plays a most important part in human action; and, to this hour, I have found no reason to modify the opinion that men are, to a very great degree, what their brain, through the exercise of the will, permits them to be. A brainless man is not likely to be of much service to self or others. A man who possesses a healthy brain and is capable of controlling its action, not by an external electrical stimulus, but by the internal force of will, is likely to become of use to others and self. Logic is intimately associated with the exercise of brain power; reason appears to have its abode within the cerebral sphere.

Some may incline to the thought that I believe in a material, rather than a spiritual, basis of the universe. Far from it. The brain is an instrument and not the operator; it is a tool, not the agent. The brain is a means to an end and some intangible force residing in man sets into action the capabilities of the brain, the powers of the mind. The mind is no more the brain than an engineer is a locomotive; but just as a railroad train cannot be securely operated without its engineer, so the brain is incapable, roughly speaking, of voluntary action without the impulse of the Self in man. The brain is the material structure through which the volitional powers of man operate. If there be no brain there will be no voluntary action. So that, speaking generally, in the last analysis man's actions will be conditioned by the character of his brain.

There may, nevertheless, be some who will accuse me of materialistic tendencies in admitting even this much. But I am forced to do so by the influence of

logic, which, though sometimes faulty, when starting on right premises is a reliable guide. There are some who would have us so train men that they should ultimately become, while on earth, ethereal, disembodied creatures, as it were. Such a view of "things as they ought to be" will ever lead to the wildest vagaries, terminating in a rampant mysticism and a repressing monasticism. While deeply appreciating the value of the spiritual life, while regarding with unbounded favor the duty of man to indulge in soul-development and mind-culture, I never forget that man is a child of earth as well as of God, and that both elements in his composition have demands for regard which may not be ignored if he aims to be a fully developed individual. It appears to me that this is not the doctrine of a materialist, but an expression of sound common-sense.

The use of the brain is advocated on all sides. Go to the physician and he will advise you to think. Go to the teacher and he will urge you to think. Go to the average liberal preacher and he will bid you "think!" Go to the average business man and he will say, "Use your brains!" To-day, in the business world the highest prices are paid to men who have brains and know how to use them clearly, quickly, honestly and honorably. Read the history of humanity and it will be found to be a triumphant hymn chanted to the honor of those sympathetic persons who honestly employed their brains for the upliftment of humanity. All sing the praise of the brain when employed honorably, and all who desire laudable success manifest their appreciation of brain-power by employing it in the common everyday experiences of life. The man who drives the railroad train for us, whether he be engineer or fireman, is cautioned by his employers to use his brains. The man who directs the ship which bears us across the ocean and to whom we look for safe conduct, is expected by everyone aboard, as well as by the owners of the ship, to use his brains. When, in the course of human affairs, it becomes necessary for us to appeal to the law for a settlement of some difficulty, the judge who has to administer justice must use his brains. In your business affairs—and there are many practical, common-sense business men before me—you know that you must use your brains or be displaced in the battle of life. I might take you through all the experiences of your daily life and you will find that the fundamental principles on which you build are intimately connected with an honest use of the brain.

The brain, however, is, as I have just said, only an instrument. The function of the brain is disclosed in the powers of the mind, and we have learned, if science has demonstrated anything at all, that nature enforces this law. "Use or lose!" She has no midway path. We must either use the organs which have been given to us or we shall slowly lose them. A glimpse at our bodies will quickly disclose to us the meaning of this law of nature. The man who does not use his arm will ultimately lose the power of using it. The man who does not use his eyes, will lose his sight sooner or later. The man who does not walk will, at some time, lose the power of locomotion, and the person who does not think will, in a short time, be deprived of the use of his brain. The unthinking person who, by his negligence, fails to employ his brain, will ultimately find himself bereft of any controlling influence over his own actions. He will become an automaton, moved hither and thither by the crowd, following whithersoever Mrs. Grundy leads, becoming in all things a machine instead of a man, a weak imitator instead of a vigorous originator.

The rule, "use your brains," is, then, applied in all directions, and wise and true-hearted persons are expected to follow it at all times, except, perhaps, in connection with one important experience. The experience to which I refer is religion. In all other matters we are advised "Prove all things, and hold fast to the good;" but in matters of religion we are often counseled to avoid proving anything. I hasten to explain that there are honorable exceptions to those who advocate the doctrine of unquestioning submission to so-called authority; but only too often in matters of religion men are urged not to use their brains, but to repose in faith on the bosom of custom, or institutions, or ecclesiastics. "Do as I tell you" is the edict of those who still represent the spirit of mediæval and ancient authority. "Follow my bidding," is the fiat of many organized religious bodies. "Open your mouth and shut your eyes and see what God will send you" is the general advice of many types of religious leaders. In matters of religion it is often considered impious to ask questions. You possibly know the old story of the teacher who was asked by his pupil a rather difficult question, and who smacked the face of the youth, saying: "You are quite right, but be silent." This has often been the attitude of the ultra conservative representatives of religion toward the questions which have been asked of them; and you can well understand that, to-day, there is rebellion against old forms, old customs, old creeds and old beliefs. For, to-day, the schoolmaster is abroad. It is not long since men, in any considerable numbers, began to realize that they have a right to ask questions concerning religious matters, and it is certainly only recently that they have demanded that answers be given to their questions. Now, while there are a number of difficulties in connection with religion which cannot readily be explained to laymen—and the same is true of any other technical form of thought—nothing should preclude us, within the necessary limits, from applying to it the same critical methods which we employ concerning other matters which, by common consent, ought to be investigated.

Common-sense is our general guide amid our daily experiences and common-sense methods must be employed with regard to the general teachings of religion. Now, common-sense, although it is called "common," is most rarely encountered among men. Many of us follow others by the sight of our eyes. Many of us are captivated by the hearing of our ears. Many of us follow others blindly, like sheep, without thinking for ourselves. To-day, when we conclude another season's series of addresses, I desire to say to you most emphatically that we must call a halt to this absurd habit of unthinkingly assenting to propositions affecting religion, simply because they are old and honored by general custom. With myself it is a conviction that our Father in heaven will never be thoroughly satisfied with any religious rites and forms and ceremonies which proceed from a heart which they do not touch and from a mind which remains totally indifferent to their significance. That life is alone worthy of being called religious which bears the impress of a free-will offering brought with heart and soul and mind, and laid upon the altar of affection and justice. Just as an act of love performed for those near and dear to us loses much of its value if it is not the product of unselfish and pure motives, so the religious act becomes of little value in the sight of God unless it be the free-will offering of the intelligent conscience.

It is essential, if we ever hope to see religion control human actions, that we should thoroughly realize that religion is no mystical and mysterious power, subject to the control of adepts and fakirs. The author of the last chapter of the book of Deuteronomy warned his hearers that they should not seek it in the distant heavens nor beyond remote seas, that it was a personal ex-

perience "very nigh unto thee, in thy mouth, in thy heart to do it." The method by which the mind operates upon the body may be a subject of speculation, but I plead for the common-sense view of religion, in humble imitation of the spiritual leaders of Israel, who taught that religion has for more in common with justice, mercy and humanity, than with man-made creeds and fallible dogmas, and much more to do with this world than other-wordliness. I have read the books of the Bible, found in both Testaments, to no purpose if I have here misinterpreted the demands of Israel's Prophets, the reliable religious guides of humanity. If to-day we are astonished at the re-appearance of debasing Kabbalism in certain quarters, we must attribute it to the want of common-sense which has so long prevailed among those who have unquestioningly accepted ancient dogmas and to the stubborn resistance offered to the demands of those to whom have come, in recent years, fuller views of truth.

One of the crying needs of to-day is a rational view of religion; one of the most urgent demands is a gospel of common-sense. The heart and mind are yearning for better hopes and higher aims and fuller light. They are longing for common sense views of the most sacred principles and the holiest ideals. They have asked for bread and have been given a stone; they have sought living waters and have received moral narcotics. For the proper development of mankind we must be illumined by the bright light of truth. Metaphors are not facts and similes are not scientific truths. To place under a microscope words of dubious meaning and to find in them the basis of infallible dogmas is to invite adverse criticism of an order which harms the cause of truth. Religion founded on anything but truth becomes idolatry. Creeds reared upon the shifting foundation of statements whose inerrancy cannot be established become the door of the path which leads to harm, social and individual. We have a right to test the truth of religion's statements, for we must perform our own acts of mental digestion without the aid of ecclesiastical pepsin. We must think for ourselves and even the most sacred ideals should be submitted by us to common-sense investigation.

Take, for example, the belief in God. It may sound impious and irreverent to say that we should take a common-sense view of this inspiring ideal, and yet I believe that this is the only manner of thinking about Him which will prove satisfactory in His sight. I know that I cannot understand the infinite and eternal God. I am finite, and, therefore, the necessary limitations of my being preclude the possibility of my ever reaching a perfect knowledge of my Father. A man can no more fully understand his Father than a babe can comprehend its parent's nature. And yet without fear, for why should I fear the Father who is my eternal Friend, but in all reverence, I shall ponder on His ways along common-sense lines. The God-belief is almost as old as the human family. It has been subject to strange fluctuations, yet despite every vagary, nothing has been able to affect the belief in "a Power, not ourselves," to use Matthew Arnold's words, "that makes for Righteousness," which the best among men have ever worshipped as the Father of all. I am not surprised that many have denied the God of creed-mongers; he is much inferior to his children. I do not wonder that many have refused to accept a God who converses with favorite children and makes excursions to a mountain top to announce his will or to superintend the erection of a tower. I do not wonder that many deny the God spoken of in many religious books, who made man in his image and to whom grateful men returned the compliment, who assumes the form of a man with the Protean faculty of an Olympian deity.

And yet it is but the very fewest who can say a word against a common-sense view of the God-belief. Most men agree that everything visible is the manifestation or outward expression of some invisible power, the tree, of the life within the tree; the human being, of the unseen soul-life; the universe, of an unknown, invisible power. Its revelation is in the book of nature whose pages are replete with instructions. Its voice is heard in the sweet southern breeze and in the furious storm, in the purling stream and the roaring ocean. Its might is seen in the form of man and in the insect's wing. Its love and bounty are visible on the meadow and plain, on the hillside and mountain top. From the immense luminary in the heavens to the hyssop that grows in the cranny of the wall, from the great planets revolving in space to the spider's web, from the mighty ever-heaving ocean to the grain of sand on its shores, the whole universe manifests an Unseen Power, and is ever telling of the "inambiguous footsteps of a God, who gives its luster to the insect's wing and wheels his chariots on the rolling worlds." Morality is in harmony with this Power; immorality produces discord with it. Its attributes are Mercy and Justice and Love. Would you catch a glimpse of God? Then in moments when you feel that you are doing what is right and true, and good and pure, when you may behold your better-self, you may see a dim outline of God. (*Cf. Writer's address, Series C, No.* 14.)

This Power we call God for want of a better name. The evidence of its existence may be found wherever seeing eyes exist. The universe shows forth a God terribly impartial, mighty in justice and adorable for His love. For want of a better name we call Him "our Father," for He is full of tenderness and forgiveness, full of the breeding yearning of a parent for his child. This God we may see here revealed in this beautiful flower just as much as in this Holy Bible. He is worshipped by pagan and sage, by Christian and Jew. This God is, and ever has been, and ever will be, the only God—a God as far above man as heaven is above the earth; the only God, the Eternal and Infinite God whose will is universal, unbreakable law. I believe that such a conception of God commends itself to common-sense, and some important deductions may be made therefrom, upon one or two of which I shall briefly touch.

It has often been cited in criticism of the Jews that they are "God's chosen people." It should be understood that as far as Reform Jews are concerned, while we worship the God revealed by our fathers of old, we do not regard ourselves as *the* chosen of God. If love and justice are attributes of God, He has no favorites among men. If Jews speak of themselves as "chosen of God," they mean that they believe themselves chosen to do a special duty "in God's Name." In proportion as they are true to their duty, so far will they receive the approval of God, and in proportion as they fail in their duty, so far will they receive the condemnation of God. Israel is not God's *only chosen* child, but "the *first born* child of God." There are other children of God besides the Jews, and whether they be white or black, brown or yellow or red, they have been created by His divine power, and they are under the guardianship of His love. All men are equally the children of God; one selected for one function, one for another, as I believe America to-day is a chosen child of God to teach through liberal government the highest conception of liberty that has ever yet been revealed to mankind. In a similar sense only is the Israel the chosen of God. "You only have I known of all the nations of the earth," said Hosea, "therefore will I visit upon you your sins." Israel was chosen for responsi-

bility, chosen for duty, chosen for service, but not the alone-chosen.

Another deduction leads to a consideration of the entire religious problem, which has been settled by many creeds, but which has very rarely been presented to the common-sense judgment of mankind. I can only touch upon it very briefly. You are here gathered this morning for what? For service. For what service? For Divine Service. What do you mean by Divine Service? It is presumed that you mean by coming here to worship God. Are you sure of that? for if you are, happy am I and blessed are you. But what is "Divine Service?" The singing of a hymn, the recital of a prayer, the beautiful tribute to the memory of the dead offered by the Kaddish? Is this alone Divine Service? At one time it was so understood, but we have outlived any such conception. There were in Israel twenty-seven hundred years ago a handful of men who said what I am now saying to you in their name, but only a few have listened to them. The world has paid little heed to their words, and when I see a new birth of quackery and charlatanry, of mysticism and emotionalism, taking the place of sound religious doctrine, I am reminded of my duty to tell you that our so-called "Divine Service" will be of but little value unless, when we leave this place to-day, we are willing to strive to our utmost to put into practice during the week the principles which emanate from the study of the word of God.

"Who asked for your temple attendance?" said Isaiah twenty-two hundred years ago, in the name of God. "The Lord will be pleased with this only if we do justice and plead for the widow and support the orphan and remove evil from our lives. It is practical help for the needy that God demands, tender-hearted justice, gentle affection, sympathetic assistance for every good cause." Tens of centuries have passed since Isaiah spoke words such as these. They are true to this day; and while I commend the institution of public service, and while I know the great need of it in our busy, daily life, and while I earnestly endeavor to give each week a thought that may prove helpful to my hearers, still, I realize that the service of God is conducted outside of the Temple as well as inside it, and that in the store, in the private office of the lawyer and the physician, in our private studies, in our homes, in our bed-chambers, in our kitchen, at our tables, there can be shown the service of God likewise. But especially can we fulfill the conditions of Divine Service by pleading the cause of the poor, by lifting up the downtrodden, by rendering help to the unfortunate and the helpless, by spreading light among the ignorant and the despised, among those who form the "submerged tenth," in every community. Thus, too, can we render Divine Service, service as divine as was ever winged to God from the tongues of ministering priests or choired to Him from the lips of the inspired singer. I wish that I had the ability to make you understand that applied religion is a high form of Divine Service. It is, certainly, a common-sense view of the matter, and I believe that Houses of Worship would be regarded with a greater degree of reverence than ever if such a view of Service were most thoroughly understood by the people. All admit the value of public worship; all must be ready to admit, and to follow the consequences of their admission, that Divine Service becomes of value in the exact proportion in which it inspires men to serve their fellow-men.

It is just high noon and the sun is at the meridian. From the bottom of my heart I hope that the broader light will soon dawn for humanity, that the era of darkness is passing by, that the era of reason is coming, to the end that men will test by the standard of common-sense the principles which have so long been regarded as crucial to religion. Submit the Bible to the test of common-sense and you will still find that such parts of it as the Ten Commandments have an indestructible sanction, and that the Nine Beatitudes possess a force which cannot be dissipated. Submit the Messiah-Ideal to a rational test, and we shall find that such a hope cannot fail. Our Messianic Hope that there will yet dawn an era of universal peace will hold its own against the world's armies. Submit to the test of common-sense our belief that wars must end, that nations must settle international quarrels as individuals decide private misunderstandings by an appeal to justice rather than to force, and it will hold against the brutal power of rampant militarism. Submit the differences existing between opposing faiths to the test of common-sense and we shall find that we all have much in common. All religious persons believe in a God: all believe in duty; all believe in the revelation given to man through natural law; all believe that men are members of one human family, and all know that they must die and that, in the end, God will take care of all. There is no room for hate and scorn and contempt among persons claiming to be religious; the difference of views should lead to friendly discussion, never to unseemly malice. Where hate abides religion is absent.

Submit the Immortality-Belief to the test of common-sense and it will be approved. Man abhors the thought of annihilation and it is reasonable to suppose that whatever exists, exists forever. The indestructibility of force is companion law to the indestructibility of matter. But it is wise to limit the Immortality-Belief to the form of a reasonable hope, rather than to give descriptions of things as they are in the after-life, which "eye hath not seen." The "secret things belong to God, the revealed things belong to us." A rational faith is, in this case, more helpful than supposed positive knowledge. We have every right to cherish the Immortality-Hope as one of the sweetest we are still in this world we must use our brains, we and most ennobling ever revealed to man; but while must apply the gospel of common-sense to every-day conditions in the hope of bettering, of uplifting, or if you *will* have the technical, theological term, of *saving* men. Common-sense teaches us that "salvation" is gained through character rather than through creed religious instruction. When out from shore about and that it is a matter for consideration with regard to this world rather than the next.

I do not relate the following anecdote to raise a laugh, but it so nearly illustrates the thought I wish to leave with you that I would have you think over it occasionally. A pious, but narrow, deacon one day went out sailing with a boatman who had never received three miles a squall suddenly sprang up. The deacon, knowing not what might happen, felt that he ought to hold a religious conversation with the boatman. "Have you studied the Bible?" asked the deacon. The boatman, a hardy son of Neptune, said: "Well, I can't say I have. No, I have never read it." "Well," said the deacon, "you have lost half your life. But surely you have studied the confession?" "No," said the boatman. "Well, you have lost a quarter of your life. But at least you have learned the catechism?" "No," answered the boatman. "Well, you have lost an eighth of your life." Just at that moment a heavy gust of wind blew the boat over and the boatman asked the deacon: "Can you swim?" "No," was the answer. "Well, then," said the boatman, "you have lost all your

life." To be prepared for the temptations and trials of life men need a sensible religion.

In the sea of doubt, into which so many are cast, we must be able to swim by the help of common-sense methods. The goal is hard to reach; and yet we know, or ought to know, that the power of logic will some day prevail and a proper place will be given to the demands of reason. We should endeavor to so train ourselves that we may be able to say with the poet:

"When the anchors that faith hath cast
Are dragging in the gale,
I am quietly holding fast
To the things that cannot fail.

I know that right is right,
That it is not good to lie,
That love is better than spite,
And a neighbor than a spy.

I know that passion needs
The leash of a sober mind,
I know that generous deeds
Some sure reward will find;

That the rulers must obey,
That the givers shall increase,
That duty lights the way
For the beautiful feet of peace,

In the darkest night of the year,
When the stars are all gone out;
That courage is better than fear,
That faith is truer than doubt.

And fierce though the fiends may fight,
And long though the angels hide,
I know that Truth and Right
Have the universe on their side."

To recapitulate; the demands made by common-sense must be respected. Every nonsensical and absurd explanation is sought for the facts of the universe and their phenomena before a common-sense view is considered or accepted. A reference to the pages of history will show that mystery and magic have held longer sway over men than common-sense has. This view is not surprising when we remember that it has often been the policy of the dominant party in Church charlatans and clowns were only too often regarded with reverential piety, and the people licked the hands which carried the whips wherewith they were scourged. But a new day is dawning; the reign of ignorance is over, the era of knowledge is coming, and them access to the fountains of knowledge. Quacks, and logic is still denied its due authority, we may see the advance of progressive ideals and a considerable in spite of evidences that reason is not yet supreme respect paid to a common-sense interpretation of conditions as they are and of things as they ought to be.

With the advance of knowledge there has likewise been an application of common-sense principles to the interpretation of religion. The place once given to dogma and creed and confessions of faith is being invaded by the common-sense party. It is being gradually understood that religion is not something mysterious and mythical and mystical, but a yearning of the human soul to get into right relations with the Infinite Soul, and men, when they are honest, sincere and consistent, are beginning to overhaul the nursery containing the broken dolls of ancient superstition, to the end that sound, sane and safe views replace the ancient exploited conceptions. It is being shown that religion is a matter for this world rather than for the next; that it is to modify and influence life here on this earth rather than to form an insurance policy for the next world; that it is a mode of life rather than a belief; a source of deeds rather than a number of creeds. Every form of superstition resists common-sense, just as every form of true religion invites common-sense. When superstition abounds, reason becomes a bond slave; logic, an exile; the brain, a lumber-room of crude and distorted imaginings; and we, who believe in rational religion, must exemplify to the world its high purpose to bring blessing to man, to render life happy, to make social existence a joy, to convert earth into an Eden, to bring the kingdom of heaven among men.

We must show that it will not make God pleased if we make others miserable; that it is contrary to the divine intent that all eyes shall see all things in precisely the same manner; that God never willed that all minds shall interpret the same book in precisely the same way, to the end that the whole world be brought down to a dead level of a thoughtless mediocrity. We must show that we have no sympathy with that party which crucifies honesty between hypocrisy and intolerance, and we must make it manifest that we are not opposed to what people really and truly believe, but only to that which they pretend to believe even when it is contrary to common-sense.

In taking farewell of you for a period, let me thank you, those of you who are of the house of Israel and those who are not, for the kindly consideration you have shown me during the past season and for the help you have extended to me in every direction. Week after week I have enjoyed the happy sight of Jew and non-Jew worshipping at the shrine of the one only God and I take comfort in the thought that the scene which greets me here this morning is only an emblem, a forecast of the day when there shall be neither Jew nor non-Jew, when all shall be of Israel, when all shall announce it as their conviction that there is but one God and that all men are His children, when all shall be willing to serve one another through Divine Service consecrated in the name of a common Father; when all shall seek to uplift and to bless others. That day is coming, even in staid, old, conservative Pittsburg and Allegheny, as elsewhere. Men are using their brains. Common-sense is asserting itself. The day is not far off when, even in the strongholds of orthodoxy, there will come the broader faith which will obliterate barriers and establish, among men of all creeds and colors, a universal brotherhood grounded in perfect faith in the common Father of all.

Peace is more strong than war, and gentleness,
Where force were vain, makes conquest o'er the wave;
And love lives on and hath a power to bless,
When they who loved are hidden in the grave.

The sculptured marble brags of death-strewn fields,
And Glory's epitaph is writ in blood;
But Alexander now to Plato yields,
Clarkson will stand where Wellington hath stood.

I watch the circle of the eternal years,
And read forever in the storied page
One lengthened roll of blood, and wrong and tears,—
One onward step of Truth from age to age.

The poor are crushed; the tyrants link their chain;
The poet sings through narrow dungeon-grates;
Man's hope lies quenched;—and, lo! with steadfast gain
Freedom doth forge her mail of adverse fates.

Men slay the prophets; fagot, rack and cross
Make up the groaning record of the past;
But Evil's triumphs are her endless loss,
And sovereign Beauty wins the soul at last.

No power can die that ever wrought for Truth;
Thereby a law of Nature it became,
And lives unwithered in its sinewy youth,
When he who called it forth is but a name.

—*James Russell Lowell.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

Trip Through Yellowstone Park.

QUIET SABBATH.

"Isn't it rather bad for a minister's wife to be buying postal cards on Sunday?" I looked around and there stood one of Dr. Thomas' old Methodist parishioners from Iowa just ready for a long coach ride through the park. "Perhaps," I said, "what one really ought to do on Sunday, I suppose, is to travel." "Well!" came the explanation rather sheepishly. "You see there's a little grandchild at home who wants to see us and"—— Having no such call from the outer world we spent the Sabbath in quiet. Before us lay the lake in all its crystal beauty, beyond the "Sleeping Giant," Mt. Washburn and the beautiful Tetons, and at our feet the ever-changing round of bear-life. You may smile, but the bear is a great institution. "I've listened to many a sermon," said one who had sermonized fifty years or more, "and given many, not so interesting as those fellows."

GRAND CANYON.

From the bears to the Grand Canyon there is something of a change, but Monday morning found us on the way, eager for the new. The road runs through Hayden Valley, past Sulphur Mountain and skirts along the banks of the Yellowstone to the Upper Falls. Several points along the way mark historic epochs with the red man, all more or less inglorious from points of ethics. At noon the tourists gather at Canyon hotel for dinner. Here and there are groups of "Charity" people returning from the convention at Portland. How fortunate that those who face the hard lines of life continually in their work could spend a vacation so ideal. Among them was Charles Weller of west-side fame, now at the head of the charity work in Washington, who had the face, shall I say, to come back and steal one of All Souls' best workers and tote her off to the Capitol City. You remember that wedding in the old church which took both Jones and Thomas to seal it, the bride clinging to her pastor as she should, and the groom keeping to the one who watched over him when a lad lighting the street-lamps of Chicago, to light him to the University. Such are the sweet bits of life and friendship one loves to carry in memory.

After dinner all started out; some to Mt. Washburn on horse-back (the government road not yet completed), and a frenzied time they had up in the clouds with hail and wind. Others went down the Canyon on foot and some kept to the carriage in the driveways on either side of the Canyon. Here I can not speak for others, but to me it was the day of days. We left the carriage at the point where Thomas Moran painted the famous picture of Yellowstone Canyon, now in the National Capitol—"Artists' Point"—and stepped a few yards over to the projecting summit. Whether it is the vastness or whether the coloring, or whether all combined, I do not know, but the grandeur is overpowering. It seems more than eye can grasp or mind master. Pen or brush or camera give no conception of that glorious scene. I was compelled to break a law of the Park to bring home a piece of rock, just to be assured that in the ecstasy of that moment the eye did not deceive. So here is the rock in the desk before me and in this calm hour it is as brilliant as the richest gems, bright red and garnet and pink, yellowest of yellow and orange and gold and cream, purple and white. Then imagine acres and hundreds of acres in all conceivable shapes down and down sculptured cliffs and cathedrals and castles and crags, garnet glaciers shimmering in the sun, shafts of opal, domes of milky whiteness, glistening turrets of gold and deeper and deeper in its narrow channel made narrow by distance flows the Yellowstone, green as emerald. It winds around like a ribbon of grass until suddenly it plunges over a precipice 140 feet, rises frothing and foaming and a quarter of a mile below leaps into a chasm of 360 feet.

They tell us this is a miniature Arizona canyon, and, of course, it is, but all agree that the coloring here is richer. But if the picture of Arizona canyons will overshadow or obliterate this, there is one who does not care to see it. This shall always be mine, the penciling of the Great Artist upon His Great World. A baby nephew of mine stood by the window watching for the first time in his little life the falling snow. Down it came so beautiful, covering all in its mantle of white. "Oh, mamma!" he says. "Oh, mamma! Has God come?" I thought of it on that sun-crowned summit with the beauty of eternity about—Has God come?

Yea, now, always, forever and ever, only sometimes the veil seems lifted wide apart.

If you are wise next morning you will creep out before the world is awake, slip down to "Inspiration Point" and while the sun is peeping over the east, hold communion with that city of gold.

BACK TO THE GATE.

Off again. The grazing deer look peacefully at us as we pass. Great handsome bucks and gentle does. They almost stir the blood of one of our number who in earlier and more barbaric days called himself a hunter. But, thank fortune, that day is past, and it is passing with others, too. The day will come when a man would as soon boast of shooting a pet lamb as a deer. There are animals in the Park. Panther, mountain lion, lynx and coyotes, that the soldiers have to kill because they slaughter the innocents—the mountain sheep, deer and elk. But what a delight to be where wild life can live its own wild life unmolested.

The last miles we retrace our old path. Shake again with the "Black Growler," bid farewell to the valley of steam, pass the "Golden Gate" and "Silver Gate" and finally salute Old Glory waving over the glistening roofs of the picturesque Fort Yellowstone. Good-bye.

VANDELIA VARNUM THOMAS.

Religion or Denomination.

"Our Unitarianism may quite well be left to take care of itself." So we wrote last week, in speaking of what the missionary ought to do who is intent on carrying the message of religion to the people. And what we had in mind as the essential thing to be made clear was, that the realities of religious life, and not any denominational interest, must always be the chief concern. No great religious movement has arisen or prospered through denominational ambitions or any eagerness to further the interests of a sect. The power of a quickened spiritual life has come first, in answer to deep human needs, and has possessed the hearts of men with a great longing to go out to help others and gather them into the true life, and if out of such a spiritual movement a powerful denomination has come into being, that has been a secondary result in the marshaling of forces and largely through repulsion from others who held to different methods of religious life. If ever denominational interests have taken the first place it has been a sign of degeneracy

in the pure life of the spirit. So it was, surely, in the first preaching of the Gospel; so it was in the rise of the people called Quakers, gathered into the religious Society of Friends, so also in the rise of the people called Methodists. The passion of the new life came first, the deeper conviction of the true life with God, the over-mastering power of the Spirit breathing through the hearts of men, cleansing them from evil, lifting them out of all self-seeking to higher levels of devotion and eager, loving helpfulness. So they became messengers to their brethren, and bringers of new light and gladness. They went out to speak for God, "for God and man, in the strength of Jesus," to bring men to their true allegiance, and to do the work of Him who sent them. Whenever the interest of the society or denomination came to be of more concern than the self-forgetting service of the Gospel there was a hardening of heart, and no longer the genuine ring of a Divine ministry; the evil spirit of pride and tyranny too readily came in, and, gaining mastery, caused divisions or repression of the true life, and the pure testimony to the things of God was weakened.

So it is in every Church today. If the work of God is to be done, for His Kingdom and the welfare of mankind, it must be in self-forgetfulness, devoted to the highest and universal interests; by no other way can the breath of new life come into any Church, and the inspiration of the Divine Spirit stir the hearts of men to a more effectual ministry of love and truth.

In our own connection, in the fellowship of our Free Churches, this truth holds with exactly the same force as elsewhere. Our separate fellowship has been differentiated in the course of the religious life of this country by a very different process from that out of which the Society of Friends and Methodism arose. Partly, it has been through the seeking for spiritual freedom, and an undogmatic fellowship in religion; partly through the demand for a simpler interpretation of the Gospel and from a theological protest; and "our Unitarianism" has got its name from the theological protest, though it is constantly seeking to infuse into that name the larger meaning of spiritual freedom and the broad inclusiveness of a catholic religious fellowship. But certainly our churches have a right to exist only in so far as they have a message of religious *life* for the people. No true church can be built, nor can there be hope of fruitful life or prosperous growth simply on the ground of theological protest.

The true life with God is the sacred charge of the Church, to be nurtured in its communion, to be declared by all its members through every aspect of their life and work in the world, and by its special messengers and witnesses through whatever means they find of reading the mind and heart of their fellowmen. It is this life to which our Churches must be dedicated with absolute devotion; that is what they must be thinking and caring about, and then their own life and all helpful activities will naturally find the most effective channels. It is not our business to be anxious and troubled about many things concerning "the denomination," but to be throwing our whole strength into the witness of that true life, and then the denomination and "our Unitarianism," in that sense, will take care of itself. It will grow and prosper if it is worthy of a place within the operations of God's kingdom; our duty is with the work of bearing faithful witness, not by word alone, but in practical fidelity, and by every means in our power to help others to enter into the same true life.

So the word of the faithful messenger will be concerned with truth and honor, and good citizenship and brotherly kindness, the lifting off of heavy burdens and the righting of grievous wrongs, the quickening of new hope in the degraded and outcast, the bringing home of the lost into the peace and joy of the Father's house, the opening of blind eyes to all the beauty of this common earth and the gladness of human fellowship, the deep trust of the human heart and the power of reverence and faithfulness even unto death in submission to the righteous will of the Eternal, and all the far-reaching ministry of Love. No aspect of human life will be outside the range of his sympathy and the enlightening interpretation of his understanding heart. He will be simply as one who is among his brethren, a helpful friend, in God's world. And as with each trusted messenger, so with the Church as a whole, the living union of faithful people; they in their united faith and love have the same testimony to bear, and with yet more persuasive power, because they are *together* in the earnest purpose and rejoicing of that high fellowship. The man who speaks for God and the Church, which lives and works in the strength of that Divine Communion, are alike self-forgetful instruments of the holiest purpose, rich, according to the measure of their self-forgetfulness, in power of blessing and in possession of the joy and peace of the true life with God.—*The Inquirer.*

Contrasts.

Always the shadow of war, but on go the works of peace;
  Always the shadow of death, but of joy life feels no lack.
The battleship plunges along, a fortress aswim in the seas,
  But over the selfsame waves the wind drives the fisherman's smack.

What rules the world? Is it might? What rules the world? Is it love?
  Is it hunger that drives? Is it wit that thrives? Shall subtlety triumph or right?
Hunger drives and gumption thrives, and subtlety's envy's glove,
  But knowledge and truth shall drive out ruth, and love, in the end, is might. *E. S. Martin, in Scribner's.*

Searching for Strawberries.

Searching for strawberries ready to eat,
Finding them crimson, large and sweet,
What do you think I found at my feet,
  Deep in the green hillside?

Four brown sparrows, the cunning things,
Feathered on breast and back and wings,
Proud of the dignity plumage brings,
  Opening their four mouths wide.

Stooping lower to scan my prize,
Watching their motions with curious eyes,
Dropping my berries in glad surprise,
  A plaintive sound I heard.

And looking up at the mournful call,
I spied on a branch near the old stone wall,
Tumbling and twittering, ready to fall,
  The poor little mother bird.

With grief and terror her heart was wrung,
And while to slender bough she clung,
She felt that *the lives of her birdlings hung*
  On a more slender thread.

Ah! birdie, I said, if you only knew,
My heart was tender and warm and true!
But the thought that *I loved her birdlings too*
  Never entered her small brown head.

And so through this world of ours we go,
Bearing our burdens of needless woe,
Many a heart beating heavy and slow
  Under its load and care.

And oh, *if we only knew*
  That God is tender and *warm* and *true,*
And that *He loves* us *through* and *through,*
  Our hearts would be lighter than air.

—*Our Dumb Animals.*

THE HOME.

ALL CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MRS. WILLIAM KENT, 5112 KIMBARK AVENUE, CHICAGO.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—Oh my God, I will live. I will live by thee, Oh God of Light, and I will live according to thy counsels.

MON.—Create within me that higher life through which my ideal of human nature can be realized, and by which I shall become more and more a man.

TUES.—Life is a radiation of light and a generous enthusiasm; but it is also a long and steadfast succession of conscientious efforts of the will.

WED.—Let my life be united with thine, Oh my God, and still let it be free.

THUR.—Love is the source of the highest morality. Make me to love, Oh thou great and infinite Spirit, who gives birth to all holy aspirations. Make me to love, and I shall be as thou art and I shall live.

FRI.—Oh my God, I will live. I will not scorn the words of men, but I will recognize within them thy hidden spirit.

SAT.—Mankind has faith in thee, thou inner God. And because this faith does not limit itself to the near horizon, but constantly draws us to explore the mysterious darkness beyond—thou art our salvation! To seek thee is to live.

—*Victor Charbonnel, Prayer to the Unknown God in The Victory of the Will.*

Family Secrets.

In the long bright summer, dear to bird and bee,
When the woods are standing in liveries green and gay,
Merry little voices sound from every tree,
And they whisper secrets all the day.

If we knew the language, we should hear strange things;
Mrs. Chirry, Mrs. Flurry, deep in private chat.
"How are all your nestlings, dear? Do they use their wings?
What was that sad tale about a cat?"

"Where is your new cottage?" "Hush! I pray you, hush!
Please speak very softly, dear, and make no noise.
It is on the lowest bough of the lilac bush,
And I am so dreadfully afraid of boys.

"Mr. Chirry chose the spot without consulting me;
Such a very public place, and insecure for it.
I can scarcely sleep at night for nervousness; but he
Says I am a silly thing and doesn't mind a bit."

"So the Bluebirds have contracted, have they, for a house?
And a nest is under way for little Mrs. Wren?
Hush, dear, hush! Be quiet, dear; quiet as a mouse.
These are weighty secrets, and we must whisper them."

Close the downy dowagers nestle on the bough
While the timorous voices soften low with dread;
And we, walking underneath, little reckon how
Mysteries are couching in the tree-tops overhead.

—*Susan Coolidge, Our Dumb Animals.*

A New Attempt to Solve the Problem of Dependent Children.

It is with great interest that I have heard this summer of the "Mary R. Smith's Cottages" in Oakland, California. A few years ago Mrs. Smith was immensely impressed with the condition of two little homeless girls. The mother, in ill health, had brought them to this country to join the father, and on reaching Oakland found that he had died while she was journeying thither. The mother with no money or health or friends knew not where to turn. A minister became interested in her and promised the dying woman that he would see that the little girls were cared for. This story came to Mrs. Mary Smith, who felt keenly the sufferings of the mother and the problem of the case of the children.

Mrs. Smith resolved to do something to help solve such problems. She and her husband gave into the hands of trustees a large tract of land and an endowment fund. On this land they built, as need came, six cottages: each large enough for a "mother" and ten children to live in.

The "mother" receives an allowance equal to the wages of an average mechanic and with this she must provide for her family. Each "mother" serves six months on probation before she is finally accepted. Girls of all ages are received, tiny babies as well as those of high school age.

The children go to the public school, dress as other children do, and live as nearly as possible as though with their own mother and own sisters. They help, of course, in the house and garden and care of the younger ones. A club house has just been built on the grounds and here are given lectures and concerts and classes and social opportunities.

I give a few quotations from the Third Annual Report:

Nine new children have been taken into the homes during the year. We now have fifty-six children cared for by six "mothers."

It is our desire that any inmate of the Home who has passed therefrom into active life and become independent of its aid, may be permitted at any time in case of need to return thereto, as to her original home, and therein to remain so long as she may reasonably desire and the trustees shall approve.

Finding that she (Mrs. Mary B. James, formerly superintendent of the Dietaries of the State Institutions in Minn.) was at liberty, in December we voted to engage her for a few months' instruction, beginning December 28. The plan resolved itself into this: That besides the weekly classes for the mothers she should live for three weeks at a time in each of the cottages, overseeing the marketing, diet and preparation of food in the particular house where she was living. We felt that the "mothers" with their days so full of varied cares, had little time to study and plan the most hygienic and economic ways of feeding a family of ten growing children. A woman whose sole business it is to study these questions would naturally be of service by coming into their homes and with her experience would be able to suggest easier or more healthful or more economic ways of managing this part of their work. The experiment is still in progress so that we are hardly able to report upon results. In addition to the classes on Tuesday mornings for the "mothers," Mrs. James also uses the kitchen for classes under the auspices of the Home Club.

It is perhaps a pity that a sex line is drawn in bringing the homeless into these homes, but it is a beautiful work for both "mothers" and "daughters" and one which should be made widely known.

Lake Tahoe, Cal. E. T. K.

Firefly.

In a recent number of *The Horse World* an article appeared on the subject of insanity in horses, the writer holding the opinion that horses do go insane. Perhaps they do, and perhaps they are driven insane by the abuse of ignorant or cruel attendants as is shown by the following instance:

Last summer I was staying for some weeks on the shores of the beautiful Lake George.

One lovely afternoon I was driving with my friend, Mrs. K——, and admiring her fine horses, who held up their spirited heads without the assistance of *those detestable check-reins,* and waved *their long, flowing tails,* safe from the brutal knife with which so many flint-hearted owners of fine horses hack off the tails of their helpless dumb property, and call the ugly, mutilate stumps "stylish."

As we were driving along, Mrs. K—— asked John, the coachman, to stop for five minutes at the house of her carpenter, and got out of the carriage to give some orders, leaving me to do what I always seize every opportunity of doing, that is, to *talk with the coachman about horses.*

He was a bright young fellow.

"Your horses do you credit, John," I began. "Their coats shine like satin."

"Oh, thank you, ma'am," said he, touching his hat. "I have had them going on five years, and *I have never once laid a whip over their backs.*"

"Do you know much about horses?"

"Well, I have studied them a good deal, ma'am, and

early in the summer I saved the life of a very valuable horse."

"Oh, do tell me," I cried, leaning forward.

He laughed and blushed, and said, "I'll do my best, ma'am. I must begin by telling you that all the country round about here knew of Mr. L——'s insane horse. They whipped him, and shackled him, and tried to cure him, but it was no use, and now for two days he had refused all food, and was condemned to be shot.

"I thought a good deal about the poor creature, and the day before he was to be killed I asked Mrs. K—— to let me drive over and see him. On the way I stopped at the Fort William Henry Hotel. A famous veterinary doctor, whom I once saved from the kick of a horse, was stopping there. I found him smoking on the piazza, and easily persuaded him to take his bag of instruments and medicine, without which he never traveled, and go with me.

"When we got to the stable there were a dozen idle fellows standing around and chaffing the grooms. Poor Firefly stood trembling in his stall, with every little while a big shudder going all over him. The doctor and I went near, and he turned and looked at us. I do declare, ma'am, that I never saw such a hopeless, pleading look. It made a great choke come in my throat, and I dashed off some water from my eyes before those vagabonds could see it and make fun of me.

" 'Oh, come!' said one big, rough loafer, 'touch him up, Jake.' Before we could stop him Jake went into the next stall, and leaning over, gave Firefly a sharp tap on the side of his face.

"Instantly the horse threw up his head and dashed it from side to side. He backed out of the stall as far as the long strap would let him, and began to kick and prance furiously, his eyes ablaze, his nostrils extended, while the brutal crowd clapped and hallooed. The doctor and I watched him carefully, my heart full of pity, when all at once it came to me—I knew! yes, I knew what ailed him! and I suddenly cried out: 'Stop hollering, you loafers; the horse is crazy with a jumping toothache!'

"A roar of contemptuous laughter greeted this discovery, but the doctor had already opened his bag and taken out a bottle of chloroform. He quickly saturated the towel, and watching his chance, threw it over poor Firefly's head.

"The creature lurched, trembled, and then began to sprawl like a drunken man, and we had hardly time to run to him before he fell heavily forward and rolled over on his side. With the help of two of the more decent men, we caught him in time to lay him gently down, and then, by the doctor's direction, I sat lightly upon his shoulder, to prevent any possible movement, while the others held his feet.

"Then the doctor, holding the cloth over the nose of the horse, forced open his mouth. Oh! oh! What a sight it was! I hope, ma'am, never to se it again! An enormous abscess filled all one side, while the rest was purple with inflammation. Two back teeth covered by the ulcer were laid bare by the forceps of the doctor. They were decayed to the very roots.

" 'These have made all the trouble!' he exclaimed, and in another minute he had yanked them out. He put more chloroform on the cloth, and taking a lancet from his bag, he cut deep into the abscess. Calling for an old towel, he softly pressed out all the stuff it held; then asking for a basin of warm water, poured some laudanum in it, and with a sponge he gently sponged and washed the suffering mouth and quivering, swollen gums; and then, removing the chloroformed cloth, he laid down the poor animal's head!

" 'Now, Jake,' he said, 'go quickly and prepare a soft, warm mash, and see if Mr. L—— is in the house. I should like to speak to him.'

"Upon hearing this, all the tramps and loafers lounged off.

"Presently poor Firefly moved feebly and opened his eyes. I got off his shoulder. He raised his head slowly while I patted and smoothed his flank and spoke kindly to him. *'It's all over, poor old fellow,'* I said; *'you won't suffer much longer.'*

"I am sure he understood me, for a soft gleam came into his eyes; then he seemed to pull himself together, and with a supreme effort got upon his legs, trembling all over, while I just kept talking to him and cheering him up, the same as if he were a human being.

"By this time the groom had brought the warm mash, and Mr. L—— came with him. The doctor put a strong sleeping potion in it, and I held it and coaxed him to eat. He began to eat slowly, with a wondering look in his eyes, as if he wished to know from where this blessed relief from torture had come. His mouth was still horribly sore, but the exciting cause was gone.

"We made him up a thick bed of soft hay, and the sleeping potion soon taking effect, the poor exhausted creature sank down and fell into a deep sleep. Then the doctor told Mr. L—— of my 'inspiration,' as he called it, and Mr. L—— begged me to take a $20 bill, with his thanks, but I wouldn't. I told him it was enough reward to have saved such a fine horse from being shot.

" 'Very well,' he answered, 'I will get even with you in some other way; and as to the doctor,' shaking hands with him, 'you may be sure that your bill will be paid most cheerfully.' "

"And how did Firefly get on?" I asked, for I was very deeply interested.

"Oh, he picked up wonderfully! What with tonics and warm mashes and petting, he is one of the handsomest horses in this part of the country. Why!" exclaimed John, starting up in his seat, "I do believe that is Mr. L—— and Firefly coming this way now."

I looked up the road and saw a dog-cart with a groom behind, and a gentleman driving a splendid, bright bay horse, *with no blinders nor check-rein, and flourishing a long, beautiful tail.* The horse knew John instantly, and stopping of his own accord, tried to put his head into the front of the open carriage.

Just then Mrs. K—— came out of the carpenter's shop, and this was the tableau she saw: I was holding the reins of her horses, Mr. L—— sat motionless and smiling in his dog-cart, while John, who had vainly tried to push back Firefly, had handed me the reins and jumped out, and he and the grateful creature were hugging each other; that is, Firefly had pushed John's hat off and was rubbing his head all over his shoulder, while John was petting the animal and calling him loving names.

Then Mr. L—— jumped out of his dog-cart, and gallantly handed Mrs. K—— into her carriage. John resumed his reins, and with cordial smiles and bows we went our different ways.

Don't let any one dare to say, after this, that horses have no reason, sense or memory, as well as affection. Firefly knew well enough what John had done for him, and he never meant to forget it.

And now, my dear readers, you can easily see the moral of my story—my *true* story—and I entreat you to circulate this piece of advice:

When a horse is fretful and seems determined to be ugly, don't tie him up with a strong strap to a strong hook in the stable, and whip him, *but send for a veterinary surgeon and have him examined.*

—*In Our Dumb Animals, From the Buffalo Horse World.*

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THE FIELD.

The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes.

CITIES OF THE REFORMATION: SPEIER.—After Worms, the city of the Edict, comes no less by geographical position than by historical sequence, Speier, the city of the Protest. Like Worms, Speier was beloved of the emperors and the seat of many a Diet, the most significant for us being that in which the effort of the majority to turn back the rising tide of the German Reformation was frustrated by the determined protest of the minority.

As one turns from the modern railroad station in the suburbs, one catches glimpses not far away of a graceful gothic spire recognizable at once as that of the but recently completed Memorial Church of the Protest of 1529. It is left behind, but by no means forgotten, as the omnibus rattles along to the *Alt-Pörtel*, or old gate, of the city, from which the main street runs, not indeed with the painfully mathematical directness of an American thoroughfare, but without any serious interruption, through the city to the *Domplatz*. Stopping far short of this, however, we draw up before an unpretentious, old-timey inn, *Der Rheinische 'Hof*, where we are shown into a large front room, whose homely comfortableness seems very restful. Having fairly taken possession, we sally forth again and with some rather vague instructions as to turning first to the right and then to the left, start out to find a bank. Of course we lose ourselves in the back streets and do not care if we do, but eventually we find the bank, and having our American express cheque promptly cashed turn next to the magnet that drew us hither, the beautiful *Gedächtniskirche*.

Out in the open it stands, where several streets meet, for Speier, like all these old cities has broken its ancient bounds and stretched out its long, cramped thoroughfares. From a setting of grass and shrubbery it rises, so beautiful, so perfect that one feels the only charm it lacks is the mellowing touch of time and service. Many thoughts arise as one contemplates it. It is eloquent, intentionally and profoundly eloquent, this monument to what the past has done for us. Perhaps it says even more than was intended. In the old medieval cities the church brooded like a mother over the shops and dwellings nestled close about her. Is it typical—this Protestant church standing detached and free, at which one looks admiringly from a distance—typical of the inevitable isolation that comes to those who dare to think?

Thoughtfully one mounts the steps and looks into the six-sided vestibule on three of which are entrances closed only by iron gates. In the center stands the great statue of Luther, a colossal figure withal, though one does not like it quite as well as the Luther at Worms. But it is the windows beyond that attract and one enters the church itself. Yes, the windows are even better than one expected. Various as are the sources and subjects, they have been woven into a consistent plan that gives a certain unity to the whole glowing yet chaste interior. In the nave are six large and six small windows; the latter illustrating faith, hope and charity by corresponding windows on each side as follows: Hope—(on the right) the stoning of Stephen, (on the left) a Christian death-bed; faith—(on the right) the centurion of Capernaum, (left) the sacrifice of Isaac; love—(right) Jesus and Mary, (left) the activity of a deaconess. Of the six large windows, the three on the left present three calls or summons: that of Isaiah, of Paul on the road to Damascus, of Calvin to Geneva. This latter is the Swiss window and represents Farel exhorting the future reformer to take up his work. It is a very effective production. Facing these are three great declarations or pronouncements: Moses receiving the tables of the law, Jesus' sermon on the mount, and Luther nailing his theses to the church door at Wittenberg.

Among the most beautiful are the two great rose windows in the transept: on the right the missionary church, on the left the martyr window, or the persecuted church. The former, surrounded by the heads of the apostles and bearing the motto: Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature, shows the different races to whom the "glad tidings" have been carried; the latter, surrounded by heads of the reformers, has a center equally symbolical. (Ample galleries surround both nave and transept.) The missionary window is the gift of the city of Bremen; the martyr one that of the Lutherans of Saxony. Under the latter are side entrances flanked by windows representing the four Protestant cities, Augsburg, Magdeburg, Worms and Speier, together with portraits of historical significance. The sides of the transept, both above and below, present in their windows scenes from the life of Jesus.

And so we come to the *Kaiserchor*, so called because the five windows here are the gift of the present emperor and empress of Germany. They have been so often described in these columns that I hardly need to dwell on them. In the center floats the benignant figure of the Christ, from a design by W. Raulbach; on the one hand is Paul and on the other St. John, while still further to left and right are the figures of Luther and Melanchthon and Calvin and Zwingli. The little cherubs' heads in the quatrefoils are from portraits of the emperor's children, each taken at the age of four years. Between transept and choir two more very beautiful windows remain to be mentioned: the baptismal window, Christ blessing little children, and the communion window, the Churfürst Joachim of Brandenburg and his consort receiving the communion in both kinds. The bread is offered by the court chaplain von Jagow, whose descendants presented this window.

Aside from the windows the general impression made by the interior is one of extreme but beautiful simplicity. In comparison with Catholic churches, indeed, the choir seems almost empty, its only furnishing being a low altar or communion table. The floor here is of mosaic, plain in the center but with a border whose design is appropriately that of the vine. Of course the Pierpont Morgan pulpit will not fail of notice. As is customary over here, it is placed at one side, but experience has already proved, it is said, that from it the speaker can be readily heard in all parts of the house. The total seating capacity of the church is slightly less than 1,500. The pews are of carved oak below but somewhat simpler in the galleries. Many bear the names of individual donors and still others may be so designated on contribution of from 300 to 500 marks. Over the entrance is the organ gallery containing a fine instrument, which, however, I had no opportunity of hearing.

Returning to the vestibule, one notes there three of the finest windows; in the center Luther's burning of the papal bull, and to right and left, Protestant princes and nobles of the period. In this memorial hall, however, some of the most significant features are still lacking. The coats of arms of the fourteen cities that signed the Protest are there indeed, but the descendants of the six signatory princes have not shown themselves eager to place the statues of their heroic ancestors in the places reserved for them. Furthermore the sudden death of Henry Villard—or Hilgard, as he is more properly called here in his native city—has thus far left the great mosaic of the presentation of the Protest to King Ferdinand still unprovided for. It is hoped that in course of time the money for these important features of the original plan will be forthcoming from some other quarter. Notwithstanding their lack the edifice was formally dedicated on the 31st of last October, at which time the city was filled to overflowing.

One other feature remains to be mentioned: the clock with its bells which strike the hours, halves and quarters. There are five large bells weighing from 25 to 183 centimers. The largest, called the Kaiser Wilhelm's bell, was cast from captured French cannon and bears a portrait and inscription of the old emperor. The next largest, the Gustavus Adolphus bell, was a gift of the Gustav Adolf Verein. Besides the five great bells, the tower contains a chime of 17 small ones by which chorals and hymns may be rendered.

In strolling leisurely through this edifice one is struck and somewhat amused by its democracy. Windows, seats, pulpit, bells, altar and altar furnishings—almost every separate feature is a gift and bears somewhere about it the name of the donor. Hence, if you are observing, you note that one window is the gift of a manufacturer of Speyer, and the very next that of Emma, queen-mother in the Netherlands! Still others, presented by duke this or that, are no whit finer than the Christ blessing little children presented by a brewer, etc. These interesting comparisons are rendered possible by the German custom of indicating a person's class or calling under all circumstances—even on his tombstone.

The great Catholic cathedral at Speier, unlike many another,

is now so situated that it may be seen advantageously from all sides. The oldest church on the Rhine and the second largest in Germany—the Cologne cathedral alone surpassing it—its imposing Romanesque facade commands the whole main street as already mentioned, while behind and on either side the verdure of an extensive park, laid out somewhat early in the last century, gives it an admirable setting. The history of this venerable structure, whose oldest portions date from the eleventh century, has been a stirring one, for we are here in the very heart of the region where the ruthlessness of French devastation might well make any Frenchman pause before criticising German operations in 1870-71. Here, it will be remembered, were the tombs of the early German emperors, plundered by the French in 1689, and again in the days of the French Republic. I am not writing an architectural treatise nor an historical dissertation, but it may not be amiss to recall a few facts in passing.

Speier reached the height of its wealth and prosperity in the 15th century. As early as 1471 Peter Drach had a printing press here in full activity. The citizens were progressive in matters of science and art and gave early hearing to the teachings of Luther. The stormy times of the thirty-years war brought a gradual decline, but Speier was still an important place forty years after the peace of Westphalia. In 1689 the French drove out the inhabitants, fired the city and reduced it to a heap of smoking ruins. Ten years it lay in ruin and ashes; then it began gradually to recover itself, but suffered once more almost as heavily at the time of the French revolution, so that the *alt portel* and some parts of the cathedral are about all that remains of the imperial city.

In the park surrounding the cathedral one finds some interesting remains of the olden time. Away back in its recesses one comes upon a bit of old wall and a tower called the *Heidenturmthen* (heathen tower), a part of the old fortifications supposed to date from the thirteenth century. On the south side of the cathedral is a curious and beautiful ruined Mount of Olives, a late gothic structure originally part of a cloister built in 1511. The figures of Christ, of the sleeping disciples and of the Roman soldiers ascending from below, are very realistic. Still more interesting are the various plants represented as growing along the path and on the hillock. These are so perfectly and naturally rendered that one unhesitatingly names them at sight. So hidden, too, in the shrubbery that one may easily miss it, is another most interesting relic: an immense bowl or basin of sandstone, with standard and base, which bears the coat of arms of bishop Raban of Helmstadt (1396-1438), by whom it was undoubtedly erected. At the installation of each new bishop this great bowl, which formerly stood in front of the cathedral on the boundary line between municipal and ecclesiastical territory, was filled with wine for the citizens and nobles who accompanied the bishop thus far on his entry. It was last so used at the installation of Bishop Lostrar von Metternich (1652-1675). The bowl had formerly a rim of bronze with a Latin inscription dated 1490, setting forth another curious use of it. It was a place of refuge for persons accused. One thinks of poor Esmeralda in Notre Dame de Paris, and in imagination sees some poor trembling victim succeeding in sheltering himself temporarily in the hollow of this great basin, but one fears it could afford at best only transient protection.

Following the winding paths through this greenery one comes ere long to the highway beyond and eventually to the Rhine, whose green waters flow here with a much stronger current than at Worms, where the stream is so sluggish and so turbid that one would look in vain for any gleam of the Nibelungen hoard or glimpse of the Rhine daughters guarding it. Here at Speier the river is crossed by a pontoon bridge, and it is interesting to see sections of it float off to right and left to permit the passage of such river craft as navigate these upper waters. My sympathies were much stirred some two years ago by the statement of a returning American that, among the many prohibitions in the Kaiser's realm was one against fishing. This mother bewailed the fact that in all Germany no little boy might enjoy the precious privilege of going a' fishing. I am most happy to state, therefore, from personal observation, that not only at Speier, but elsewhere along the Rhine, I have seen plenty of youngsters with fish-poles and a string of such diminutive fish as usually fall to the lot and rejoice the heart of the juvenile angler. I had met them bare-footed and happy, traversing the wooded park and now I saw where they came from. Nor were the youngsters alone, for, from Cologne on, I have noted fishermen as intent in this "busy idleness" as those who sun themselves along the stony quays and breakwaters of Lake Michigan.

Of course I did not leave unvisited the ruins of the Retscher palace, a little off of the main street, which popular tradition indicates as the seat of the famous Diet. The site of this group of buildings, at one time a private estate and later municipal property, has been since early in the eighteenth century in the hands of the Protestants, who built on part of it their Trinity Church. According to the local historian these were originally twin structures, one of which was replaced by the church, while the burned out and grass-grown ruin of the other is now shown in the surrounding garden. That the Diet was really held here, this authority declares to be highly improbable, as the existing remains show that the building could have contained no room large enough for such an assemblage. One is therefore quite unable to locate the Diet, as no other spot is even suggested. One curious thing about Trinity Church here is that, while itself a structure of the eighteenth century, it possesses as bell-tower the remains of an old church of St. George's, which disappeared, except this tower, in 1689. This stands at one extremity of the garden, entirely detached from the modern church. The interior of the church has ceiling and front galleries, covered with frescoes of biblical subjects, which, however, are growing so dark with time that one does not linger long over them.

Speier is not a wholly dreamy place. While Worms had seemingly no ambitions in the direction of rapid transit, Speier has its motor-wagon company, whose ponderous vehicles thunder through the main street at frequent intervals with a clatter that seems quite incongruous in such surroundings. In the early morning you may hear many passing feet, and looking out, see the peasant women streaming in with fruit and vegetables in little push carts precisely like an old-fashioned baby carriage. At an early hour the market place is filled with their booths. By mid-day most of them have disappeared again and comparative quiet reigns. Returning once more to the *Gedachtniskirchs*, I climb the tower to the level of the bells for a last look over the peaceful, sunny landscape, and half reluctantly bid farewell to the old city of the Protest, prosaic to-day, but yet so rich in memories.

M. E. H.

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